

I was reading a book about the Korean War and I was thinking how not really a lot of people talk about it or make movies about it like WWII or the Vietnam War and just like any war in general.

A couple days later I was taking a steamy shower and for some reason it was really bad and I couldn't see anything and I ran to my towel to put it on and slowly I could feel the bathroom walls and I'm starting to freak out I was grabbing the bathroom door knob trying to open the door but I just couldn't do it cause my hand was really wet from the shower and to add to all of that it was super steamy.

Then just in a second I just dropped like a rollercoaster right onto the ground. It knocked the wind out of me. I was laying in a weird ditch and no one was around and it was really quiet. The only thing I heard was the wind that goes by every once in a while.

I didn't know what to do if I should just let my fear take over me and just go crazy. I have nothing with me. I'm not even wearing clothes, just straight up a towel around my waist. I looked all around me to see where I'm at and all I saw was trees and a trail but there were tire tracks so I just followed the tire tracks

It was also gloomy and kinda cold so I walked off the path to see if I could make a fire since the sun was going down. I made a little fire pit with some rocks and all I have to do now is make a fire with some sticks I gathered up so I built a base for the fire with the sticks now I tried to make the fire by using the friction by spinning the stick back and forth and I saw smoke so I decided to do it faster but the stick broke into my hands and cut my palm pretty bad so I was starting to freak out so I got up back to the tire tracks and started running hoping I'm going the right way of the tracks.

Some time after running for a while it was night and I could barely see anything but then I started to get really dizzy and look at my hand and I tried fighting that feeling but still I collapsed. I woke up to this dude shining a flashlight basically right into my eyes then he stopped and was just looking at me confused.

He said "what are you?" and I said what?

Then he said are you American and I said yes I'm American

“Are you a soldier”

“No i'm not a soldier im only 15”

“Your just a kid what are you doing here”

“Where am I?”

“Your at a military base in north korea”

“WHAT!” I was so shocked and just froze

“Calm down it'll be alright just tell me what happened”

So I told him everything that happened and it didn't really take that long to tell him everything but I word really went out fast and the whole base knew my whole story and everything. He told me his name and his name was Sgt. Ricky Johnson and he pretty much was the only person trying to get me home but the thing is I have no records and when he told me that it really just hit me that I really went back in time to the Korean War. I spent a whole week just trying to wrap my head around it and everyone there treated me nicely and with respect so I pretty much made myself at home and got a little bit comfortable. All I really had to do was just accept the fact that this is real life and I really just time traveled. My hand was scarred pretty crazy from that stick and I was in an uniforme now because that's the only thing they have for me and now I just looked like a soldier.

Two weeks have gone by and I got to know a lot of people and got kind of comfortable. There was this kid, well 18 but still pretty young, and his name was Scott Rhodes. He made me train like I was going to fight in the war, but I never questioned it. Next thing Ricky (Sgt. Ricky Johnson) put me into a platoon and I asked, “Why would I be in a platoon. I'm not fighting. I'm only 15.” He really didn't care like I was forced to because it's either I join them or they kick me out and I'll be lost so I said Alright. One night I walked into the med center for injured people and I noticed a lot of people had frostbite due to the cold weather and the arctic winds from Siberia.

The war has been rising for a while now and more and more people have been disappearing. Most of them are dead or still in the mission and I know soon enough that me and the team will be sent into a mission pretty soon. I was dreading it so much but I really couldn't do anything because at the end of the day I'll die from me getting kicked out or from a battle. I was up all night thinking about my family and friends cause I did miss them a lot and I don't know if I will ever see them again and if they even notice that I'm missing from my shower. The day after a platoon came back from a mission a couple of people were missing and I can't even explain the look on their faces, just blank as if they had no soul anymore.

Most of us had to take a train to another base to have extra protection because the Koreans had been spotted nearby the area. I was on the train acting like I wasn't scared even though deep down I was terrified, like really scared. But I knew everyone around me was experiencing the same thing as me. I looked at Scott and just by his eyes I could tell that he was petrified. He also had a brother but he was already at the base we were going to. It was dead silent the whole ride there. Once we got there Scott looked happy but still scared to see his brother. That was the first time I really saw him kinda smiling cause he was always serious and focused.

It's been two days and nothing has happened but it's just a matter of time. There was a wall that you go on to watch and it's protecting the side of the base but also a lot of people would hang out around there. It was a normal day with me, Scott and his brother and just people in our platoon and other platoons sitting playing cards. Scott has been so happy lately because he's with his brother for the first time in a while, so they were just laughing and messing around. Then I looked at his brother and I heard something that sounded like a really loud firework, and just in a second Scott's brother's head just kinda popped open and blood went all over Scott and me. I just froze and just processed what just happened and in the corner of my eye I saw Scott's face and it was covered in his own brother's blood just on the ground crying holding him.

Out of nowhere people were shooting at us and at them I grabbed my gun and started shooting where my platoon was shooting and just hoping I don't end up like Scott's brother. A couple minutes later the shooting had stopped and I was looking around at all the blood and death around me.

That night I was on my bed and I couldn't sleep because I couldn't stop hearing the screams and yells and how one second it was fun and the next everything just changed. Scott wouldn't talk to anyone. He spent the whole night outside staring at nothing and I really don't blame him. I couldn't even imagine what he feels like because he was my friend but that was his brother. No one would mess around and have fun anymore, just always on edge. I was eating breakfast and Ricky Johnson told me that I had to get in a truck and follow one of our tanks to a village to clear it out.

In that truck there weren't a lot of people, just me, Scott, Ricky and two others in our platoon who I haven't really talked to until that truck ride. I learned their names and the big guy name was Jason and the Medic name was James and they were best friends. They were both 24 years old and were still pretty young. We were all talking but Scott was dead silent and wouldn't even look at us or talk to us. It's like he is a whole different person. That smile was gone and he was always serious and focused but this was different like his eyes were empty. We got closer to the village and we started hearing gunshots but we had a tank that we had to stay behind which was scary but we were protracted by it. All I heard when walking behind the tank was snapping noises and the tank getting shot.

We were getting shot at a lot but as long as I am behind the tank I'll be fine. After we made it in the village we took it over but it was really hard and I noticed that Scott didn't really care for his life from things he did in that gun fight. I tried talking to him if he was doing ok and just trying to help him out but he finally talked and just said "No" so I walked away. One week later there were more and more fights and death. It's like almost everyone around me got killed. Each time we clear villages and just go somewhere we get ambushed and that's what their tactic mostly was. I haven't killed anyone which I don't

even know if that's good or bad. Would I live with myself knowing I just killed a man? I kept thinking about it to be honest I was thinking about everything. It was also annoying hearing planes keep going over us. I was just getting tired of all of this.

Everyone was getting moved around different areas over Korea but for some reason Ricky told me that I'll go even farther in North Korea. When I was packing up to move it was only me and not the rest of my platoon. I asked Ricky why it's only me that was packing up and all he said was because it's just going to be you. The only real problem is that the farther we go in Korea the more fights there are. So I'm basically going to fight more and see even more death.

When I arrived at this camp, not even a base, everyone there was smoking or drinking like they did not care at all. I met all of them and they all seemed a little crazy and that whole team just wanted to kill more and more people. There were only around like 15 people not including me and the other bases I was at were around a thousand and a little bit more. Already I was getting a headache from all the cigarette smells and I noticed that I only saw 14 of them and not 15 so I got confused but then I saw Jason of the people that I was with searching for a village with the tank. I felt less stressed about my situation but still I didn't really know Jason like that but at least I kinda have someone so I talked to him and already we're about to take out a group of Koreans.

The second we got over that hill, gun fire just started pouring on us and none of them even cared. They still kept running but I went on the ground but Jason grabbed me and started dragging me through the gunfire and bullets were all over the place then I got up and started running and shooting my gun. But did it hit anyone no but I felt kinda crazy like them using all their adrenaline running towards the Koreans just yelling and shooting. Then I felt a sharp burn on my shoulder but didn't really look till we all went to a ditch.

My shoulder was bleeding, but it was just a graze and if it was me before experiencing death and war all around me I would start tripping out. I always knew war can change people to a whole other person. That was one my fears is if I survive this war I wouldn't be myself from the shower. We were trapped in the ditch. I couldn't even peek my head out or I would get shot right in the head. All we are doing is just waiting for support to arrive to help us out but it was taking way too long so we had to run for the tunnels that are not that far away. I heard some battles that went on in the tunnels but they looked pretty creepy but that was the only hope we had or else we would just die in a ditch.

Jason yelled, "GO GO GO!" so we all ran to the tunnels and in the side of my eye, I saw one of our teammates just fall on the floor. I wanted to stop and help him but I knew I would get shot so it killed me inside knowing I could have helped him but I need to put myself first even though I want to help everyone as I can. A couple seconds later we made it to the tunnel and I looked around and it's only me and Jason, no one else made it. We just looked at each other and didn't say anything. It's almost pitch black in there and we didn't have any flashlights so I had to walk with my arms out so I would know where to go. The best way to describe those tunnels were those mirror mazes at carnivals.

I don't know how long we were in the tunnels so it could be day or it could be night our track of time is completely ruined. It felt like an hour and I'm starting to feel stuff crawling around me . I was hoping it's my mind playing tricks on me and it's not spiders and bugs and stuff. Next thing you know Jason told me to stop and he grabbed a Joro spider off my back and those things are black green and yellow ish and it was the size of Jason's hand and I said we gotta get out of here so both of us started running bumping into each other and the tunnel walls.

We saw a light but we couldn't just mindlessly run to it so we got our guns out because these were the Korean tunnels. There was a little Korean girl softly crying but we both know it's most likely a trap but it's the only thing ahead of us. Jason was talking to the girl within a distance and she got searched and she

didn't have anything but her leg was bloody so Jason picked her up and just started walking forward. She stopped crying and made a straight face and she smirked and I ran to Jason but the very second I moved my leg she pulled a knife out her boots and started stabbing Jason non stop and I tackled him to the floor.

She fell off him and rolled. I got up and I kicked her right in the head as hard as I could and she got knocked out and then I went to Jason but he was in bad shape. All I could think of was to keep moving. I had a fireman carry him but he was a big dude. I had to keep speed walking with Jason on me. The weight of him already started to get too much but I was fighting through the pain. I turned a corner and got stabbed right in the stomach. At first I didn't even notice and out of nowhere there was a group of Koreans pointing guns at me. I was on the ground thinking this is how I would die or become a prisoner of war. This older person showed up and he was with the little girl I knocked out.

He got really mad and went on top of me and started punching my face with all his might and speed for a minute straight. I couldn't breathe right and I started to feel like a steamy shower and all warm exactly before I teleported here. Out of nowhere the group of Koreans got gunned down like nothing. My vision got really blurry but I saw Rickey's face and he looked scared so I looked down and all I could see was blood all over me.

I woke up the next morning and I'm in really bad shape. I looked to my right and saw Jason and I was happy that we both made it.

“Jason!”

“He's dead”

It was Ricky that said that and I just looked at him. He apologized for sending me out there cause I'm only a teenager and he knew it would be a little bit bad but not like this. A couple weeks later I was feeling

better but I really don't know how long I can keep with this war because it was draining my mental and physical health. I know it wasn't just me cause when I first got here it was just a couple of people that looked like they didn't have any soul or life in them but now it's almost everybody.

Four months passed and nothing really happened with me. In those months I was just around base all day doing chores. It was Christmas time and this was the first time everybody was happy again for the holidays. The team was getting christmas cards from family and friends except for me and people noticed that I didn't get anything. I really didn't know what to say to them because I know no one will believe me that I'm from 2024 so I always somehow manage to evade that question. I haven't seen Scott for months and I hope he was doing ok.

Out of nowhere I was told that I have to go on a mission with my platoon and I was kinda excited to finally leave base for the first time since the whole cave stuff that happened. It was really dark and cold even with the flash light. It was hard to see from the snow getting in front of my face. We had to go into a deadman battlefield in the woods. When we got there all the dead bodies were frozen over and me and this dude named Mark that I knew for a while was tasked to find an advantage point for the next Korean supply transport.

There was a really good point on a hill but we had to crawl through the snow and sticks. There was a team of some dead and frozen troops that was fighting in this area and I saw someone that looked familiar so I shined my flashlight at the frozen body and it was Scott just on the ground dead. I just looked at him still processing that he was dead but I had to keep moving.

Mark found the best lookout point so I had to go all the way down the hill and tell the team that we found a place to ambush the Koreans. We took turns sleeping and looking for the supply truck. I had a really bad feeling about this whole mission but maybe I'm just overthinking after all the messed up missions I go on.



It had been a day and then I woke up to everybody shooting and I was not prepared but I got up and started shooting at the supply truck and the truck just swerved into a tree. Ricky told us that some will stay up here and the other half goes down to the truck. Mark told me to get a sniper and just shoot anyone I see past the truck. Nothing happened. This was the first time for me that a mission went smoothly and no deaths for our team.

Once we got back to the base everybody was celebrating Christmas. A couple hours had passed and it was time for me to sleep and that night I was thinking about all the death and trauma that I experienced. It was killing me. I couldn't take it anymore but I have to push through it. The next morning Rick looked devastated. There was a base meeting and usually the meetings are just updates of the war or the stats of stuff. He told all of us that the whole base has to go to battle and support the other platoons getting trapped by the Koreans.

We all knew that most of us were going to die. We all just accepted it. The very second we got into the “Battle zone” people were just getting shot in the head and blood was already on me and the screaming already started. The truck I was in flipped over I was protected from the bullets by my dead teammates. It was brutal. I crawled into a ditch and then I heard an airplane but it was not a normal airplane it sounded big. It was a second of silence and I heard something that sounded like a whistle and then I heard the loudest thing ever and it was a bomb exploding.

I was in and out of being conscious and I looked to the right of me and saw Ricky just in pieces. I really don't know how I survived it. I genuinely thought this was the end for me but I started to feel like I was in a hot steamy shower just like when I was in the tunnels.

I closed my eyes and then I opened them and I was on the bathroom floor. I didn't know how to feel. I ran to my mom and hugged her and hugged my sister. I was happy. I checked my phone and it was only for 1 minute even though it felt like months. That night I still couldn't sleep because of my weird day dream I had. I remembered that I cut my hand in the war and it became a scar and I decided to look at my hand to see if there was a scar on my hand and there was so it wasn't a day dream it was real.